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LOUIS MARX, AGENT,
—FOR—
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY
Capital Prize, $300,000.
Whole Tickets, - $20.00 | Quarters Tickets - $5.00
Halves, " - 10.00 | Tenths, " - 2.00
Twentieths, - $1.00
DRAWING
TUESDAY, August 13, 1889.
171 Tremont St.,
GALVESTON, - - - TEXAS.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OLD FRIENDS AGAIN.

He did not see her the next day. He called twice; the second time she sent word that she would rather not see him until to-morrow. She was not ill; she would only rather be left alone. So in a curious, indescribable state of mind Mr. Carruthers spent the day in wandering about Munich.

On the morrow he called and was admitted. He found Beatrice alone. She looked pale, but beautiful. He noticed at once a change in her manner. A certain graceful timidity and shyness seemed to have fallen upon her, which added a new charm to the girl he had hitherto found so calm and self-possessed. Beatrice, it may be, noticed a change also in Carruthers' bearing.

"Tell me all," she said in low tones, as after a quiet greeting he took a chair near her.

He told her all. How the man some nights ago had been picked up on the rails, almost cut in two by the wheels of an engine which had passed over him. He had been carried into Munich and placed in the wartsaal. How, the usual formalities having been observed, he had been left for identification, and then, with or without identification, for burial. He told her what instructions he himself had given, and how yesterday he saw his grave.

Beatrice heard him without interruption. When his recital was finished she sat in deep thought. Frank watched her in silence.

"How did he come there, on the railroad, I mean?" she asked at last.

Frank shook his head. "No one can tell," he said. "It might have been an accident, it might have been suicide. From the position in which he was found the authorities incline to the latter. But he had plenty of money in his pocket. I don't know how much, for in these cases the exact amount is never stated. In short, no one knows how it happened."

Frank spoke the truth. No one knew. The railway tickets having been collected long before Munich was reached, for all the officials of the train knew, Hervey and Mrs. Miller might have disembarked with other passengers. The woman's box, which was registered through to Munich, was lying in the luggage office unclaimed. Perhaps it lies there till this day. Her hand bag went where such things go when left in a train. Could the steward or the guard have seen the dead body they might have recognized it as that of a passenger; but it was put out of sight long before the great train came tearing back from Constantinople. So no one in Munich knew more than embodied in the official report.

"What brought him to Munich?" asked Beatrice. "How did he know I was here?"

Frank could only shake his head again.

"He must have seen Sarah," she continued, answering her own question. "He must have learned from her where I was. Why did she not write and tell me? Some harm may have befallen her. I wish she was back."

"Would you like to see his grave?" asked Frank after a pause. Beatrice shivered.

"No," she said "I think not—unless you would call it unwomanly not to do so."

"No," said Frank. "I can see no reason for it."

"What could I do at his grave?" asked Beatrice softly and dreamily. "One goes to a grave to weep. I could not weep. After a load, which one for years carried day and night, is lifted from the mind, one does not weep, one rejoices. Frank, I dare not stand over a grave and feel like that. Let me say I forgive him. I can do no more."

"No one who knew all could ask more."

"'Speak nothing but good of the dead,'" she continued in the same dreamy way. "Frank, I can not recall any good of which to speak. For a few weeks I loved him or thought I loved him; but that was years, years ago. Ah me, those years! All I can now do is to say I will speak no evil of him. He is dead. I forgive him, and will try and forget him."

For the first time the tears rose to her eyes. There was a long pause. Beatrice and Frank were now standing. He took her hands in his and held them.

"Beatrice—darling," he whispered. "Do you remember the words you said a few days ago—said in this very room? When there seemed no chance of happiness for you and me. Dearest, all is now changed. We are in a new world. Beatrice, will you say once more in our new world what you said in the old?"

Lower and lower she bent her head, and the blush rose and deepened on her white cheek. Then she raised her head, and her gray eyes looked into his.

"Let me leave you one moment," she whispered. Without waiting for the permission she drew her hands from his and glided away, swiftly as she had left him that evening at Hazelwood House, but this time without leaving him hopeless.

She came back in less than a minute, and her boy came with her. Holding him by the hand she stood and looked at Frank.

He understood. He drew the boy to him, sat down and put the little fellow between his knees. Placing one hand on his head, he looked up at Beatrice with a grave smile.

"Dearest," he said, "children may come to us or not; but this boy shall always be to me as my own son. He shall never mourn for his unknown father, never, if I can help, know shame covers that father's name."

He raised the child and kissed it. Harry, with whom Carruthers was always a prime favorite, put his chubby arms round his friend's neck. Beatrice watched them and smiled softly.

Carruthers, after disengaging himself from the boy's embrace, put him gently aside, rose and held out his arms. Beatrice came to them, laid her head on his shoulder and wept happy tears. He whispered words of passionate love, kissed her again and again, and all the while Master Harry watched the two with childish attention, and wondered what was the meaning of the curious scene. At last they remembered his presence, and Beatrice handed him over to his Bavarian nurse—an act of expulsion which he much resented.

Somehow, the thought that death alone had given them the right to love, made Frank and Beatrice's love making quiet and restrained. They were happy, of course, or Frank was, but not demonstratively happy. After he had told her a thousand times that he loved her, Beatrice kneeled at his side and held his hand.

"Frank, my own Frank," she whispered. "You will never bring the past up against me? I have been wicked, deceitful, but dearest, I have suffered for it. Frank, you shall know every thought of my heart. I will be a true wife. If anyting ever told me that the remembrance of the past made you doubt me, I should die—I should die, Frank."

Of course he took her in his arms and vowed she was the sweetest, truest, noblest, etc., etc. What, in fact, every one vows in a position similar to his.

Then she asked him to leave her to think over all that had happened. He obeyed. He too wanted to think.

Naturally he called again later in the day, and the two began in a rational way to discuss their plans for the future. Beatrice was very uneasy about Mrs. Miller. She blamed herself for not having taken the address which would reach her in London.

It was settled that they should wait a week longer in Munich, in the hope of hearing news of Beatrice's emissary. Then Carruthers spoke of something which all day he had been revolving in his mind.

"Listen, Beatrice. We are to go back together and your cause is now my own. There is something to be faced. There are those who have a right to ask you to explain your absence. But there is a right you can give which will over-ride all others. Dearest, let us return as husband and wife."

She flushed and trembled. "Oh, Frank, how can I? So soon!"

"Soon! Beatrice, it is more than five years. That man was dead to you more than five years. He died when your love died."

"True! It is true!" she murmured. "He died then, not now."

"I feel that I do not ask you to do this for selfish reasons," said Frank. "I ask it because it is best for you. A few months' engagement to you would not be weariness, darling. This I must sacrifice." His arm went around her and their lips met.

"Now for your answer," he said.

She placed her hand in his. "Let it be as you will, my love, my lord, I have no will but yours—oh Frank, Frank! I feel that I can face anything. face anybody, so long as I know that we are not to be parted—know that you are to be mine forever!"

So they were married in Munich. Why not? Who was this dead man that he should stand between them? What had he done that he shonld be considered? That she should truthfully say that she forgave him—that she would speak no evil of him, was all, nay more, than could be justly asked of the woman he had betrayed in even a baser and more callous way than the word usually means when applied to villains and women. Even when he met his death was he not on his way to work her evil? Maurice Hervey dead a week ago? No, the man she had known as Maurice Hervey died when years ago he dropped his mask, and showed her what lay underneath.

Beatrice and Frank were married. They found an English nursemaid who was going home. They engaged her to accompany them, and take care of the boy. In due time they all reached London. Beatrice's anxiety respecting her faithful servant had now grown very great; so the first thing they did was to try and gain tidings of her.

The only thing they could do was to apply to the police; and soon after the description of the missing woman was given they were told that it seemed to answer to that of a woman, unknown, who was in the pauper lunatic asylum. So to the asylum they went, and having been shown the clothes worn by the woman, knew that their fears were well founded. Frank had felt no doubt about the matter. The nurse's manner on a certain night had assured him as to what the end would be. He told Beatrice so.

Beatrice was greatly shocked and distressed. "Poor Sarah, she said, "she was never mad with me, I could always calm her. She was my right hand for years Frank. She helped me, tried to shield me." Here Beatrice blushed as painful memories rose. "You will never know how the poor thing loved me, Frank."

No. Frank will never know, nor will his wife know how the woman loved her, and what she did for her sake!

Beatrice saw the doctor and questioned him. He told her that the women was in a hopeless state; what appeared to him to be the gloomiest, most incurable kind of religious mania. The chances were she would not live long.

Beatrice begged that she might see her. The doctor shook his head. An interview would do the patient harm. Beatrice would not believe this, asked the doctor to tell her poor servant that she was here. He could judge from the effect of the news as to the advisability of a visit. The doctor humored her. He soon returned and said that the mention of her name seemed to redouble the poor woman's delusions. She had turned her face to the wall and made gestures of absolute aversion. Frank drew Beatrice aside.

"My dear girl," he whispered. "Depend upon it she saw this man, let slip the name of Munich, and knew that he was on his way to you. The grief at what she had unwittingly done quite upset her poor brain. She is so troubled at it that she will not see you."

Beatrice went to the doctor. "Oh," she said, impulsively, and with tears in her eyes "will you go to her once more—only once. Tell her, try to make her understand that I am married and happy."

Mrs. Carruthers being a beautiful woman in distress, the doctor being a young man, obeyed. He soon came back shaking his head. It was no use. The effect of his communication had been such that he must strictly forbid a visit. It was, he said, one of the commonest symptoms of such mania, that the patient turned with aversion from those who had been most loved by her. So Beatrice sorrowfully gave up the struggle.

All they could do was to see that Sarah was removed to a place where she could be cared for, and where kind treatment was assured. There, let it be said, she is now. But it will not be for long. The doctors and the keepers know that the days of the poor mad woman, who spends eighteen hours of the twenty-four on her knees, are numbered.

After they had done all they could for Sarah, Frank and Beatrice turned to their own affairs. None of Beatrice's people knew of her being in London. Frank, of course, saw many acquaintances, but as Beatrice knew so few people their companionship created no remark. Upon inquiry at the hotel patronized by the Talberts, they learned that the brothers had not yet come up for their perennial visit, but were expected next week. So one fine day Mr. Mrs. Carruthers, the boy and his new nurse, went down to Blacktown.

* * * * * *

Our long lost, but, I hope, beloved friends, Horace and Herbert, were one afternoon returning from Blacktown in the large wagonette. As they came up the drive they saw something unusual—something which made them glace at each other with dismay. On the front doorstep, sunning himself, and looking as if Hazlewood House and its appurtenances were his in fee simple, stood a little boy.

No wonder, the moment some one took the horses' heads, that the Talberts jumped down to inquire what this apparition meant. The loss of the bright hair having so changed the boy's appearance, they did not at first recognize him, so no wonder that Horace, who connected painful memories with mysterious children, groaned out, "another child!"

They put their eye-glasses up and saw that the small stranger was making violent demonstrations of friendship. The dancing blue eyes which looked up at them seemed strangely familiar. Herbert was the first to discover the truth.

"It is Beatrice's boy!" he said.

"It is," said Horace solemnly. To make sure they asked him who he was, and whence he came.

He informed them that he was "mother's bewchful boy," and he waved his arms to show that the distance he had come was more than his mind could grasp. Then here commenced his friendly advances, holding up his face in a way which showed he expected to be kissed. He was so imperious and assertive that they yielded. Herbert bent down and kissed him. Horace, who noticed that his brother's appearance as he did so was not dignified, lifted the urchin up and likewise kissed him. Then they went indoors to learn what it all meant.

The child preceded them, and had they harbored any doubts of his idently such doubts would have been set at rest by the way in which the little urchin rubbed his feet. No child who had not lived a part of his life at Hazlewood House would have performed the act so thoroughly.

Whittaker was in the hall. "Who are here Whittaker?" asked Horace.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, sir," replied Whittaker. The Talberts stared at each other, then, hang their hats on the proper and respective pegs, entered the drawing-room.

They saw Frank standing there with that quaint, drv smile on his face, and then they saw Beatrice coming toward them with outstretched arms. Herbert again started blankly at Horace, who could not, however, respond to the look because Beatrice had thrown her arms round his neck.

"Kiss me, Uncle Horace, and say you forgive me," she cried, I have caused you all sorts of worry and anxiety, but say you forgive me."

She had caused them worry any anxiety. Indeed they had latterly been sorely pressed to account for Beatrice's absence to Lady Bowker and others. Nevertheless she was their sister's child and a thorough Talbert. She was also in distress. So Horace yielded, kissed her, and told her how glad he was to see her again.

After this she went to Uncle Herbert and something of the same scene was through. The Talberts then re-arranged their neckties, as much as to say that although such impulsive embraces might be allowed once in a way they were not to be a general rule.

"But I don't understand," said Horace. "Whittaker said Mr. and Mrs. ——"

"Oh, yes," said Frank. Beatrice and I were married some time ago. Married in Munich. Fine city, Horace—you know it of course. We only came, back from our wedding trip a few days ago. You are the first we have seen. We thought perhaps you would have put us up for a couple of days."

"This request put the Talberts on the mettle as hosts. Hospitality overruled everything. Their house was at the young people's service so long as they wished—the longer the better. "But why did Beatrice run away?" asked Horace.

"Ay, why?" said Frank carelessly. "That's the question."

"It could not have been to aviod you," said Herbert.

"She says not. But one is never sure about such things."

"You were afraid you would have to give up the boy," said Horace to his niece.

She hesitated. "Yes, I feared he would be taken from me," she said. Horace looked triumphantly at Herbert. His theory had been the right one after all.

Then they went off to see that a room was got ready for their unexpected guests. While the Talberts were so engaged their guests walked down to the village and found Sylvanus Mordle.

Sylvanus positively sparkled when he heard the news. It freed his conscience from a shadow which had for months been lying upon it—the shadow of the "Cat and Compasses." He took a hand of each of his friends.

"Sorry for one thing—only one. That I didn't join these hands. Would have given worlds—anything—gone to Munich on purpose. I needn't tell either of you why I wished to do it."

The last words were spoken with genuine feeling. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers pressed the curate's hands and thanked him for his good wishes. When they left him Sylvanus called for his tricyle and propelled himself ten miles out and ten miles home again. He did so, he told himself, to keep his wind up to sermon mark. He was unwilling to confess that the need for such violent bodily exercise was brought about by the sight of Beatrice as a bride.

That night at Hazlewood House the table was as tastefully laid, the napery as smooth and spotless, the glass as lustrous, the wines as unimpeachable, the cookery as perfect as ever. Frank did nearly all the talking. He spoke of his future plans, of the life he and Beatrice meant to lead, as coolly as if all her friends had been at her wedding. Beatrice said very little. She was simply, quiety happy. Horace thought the young couple behaved very well. As he remarked to Herbert afterward. "There were none off those embarrassing little familiarities which so often make the company of a bride and bridegroom—well, undesirable."

Beatrice left the men and strolled through the garden. Horace and Herbert then filled their glasses, and in a courtly way wished Frank every happiness. "Not," said Horace, "that we can honestly say we approve of your having been married in this clandestine way. But you may, of course, have had good reasons for it."

The Talberts felt they had missed a great deal in not having been allowed to superinted everything connected with their niece's wedding.

"We had good reasons," said Frank.

"We think, however, we have a right to ask for an explanation of Beatrice's strange conduct—her flight, and concealment."

"Certainly," said Herbert, most certainly."

So Frank told them all. As he had the command of language and spoke in earnest tones, as he had the skill to make certain shadows lighter, and to bring out strong points to his client's favor most strongly: as he could speak of what she had endured, and so invoke pity as well as mercy, Beatrice could scarcely have found a better advocate.

But Horace! Herbert! A line of notes of exclamation would not properly express teeir surprise. With eyes fixed on the speaker, they listened like persons under a spell. Even when Frank had said his say, they continued to gaze at him. Horace was the first to speak. "Is this true?" he gasped.

"Every word of it—poor girl!" said Frank.

"Then," said Horace, with his no appeal manner, "we can never forgive her—never see her again. Never."

He glanced at Herbert, as if expecting the usual echo. But it did not come. Frank rose.

"Very well; then there's nothing more to be said. I'll go and tell my wife to put her things on. Which is the best Blackton hotel?"

This was a staggering shot. It was a cruel shot. Carruthers was right when he said it would take a great deal to make the Talberts turn even a dog away.

"Give us a few minutes to talk it over," said Herbert. "Let us leave you here for awhile."

"No. I'll go into the garden. I can't give you more than twenty minutes, because most of our things are unpacked, and it is growing late."

Before he left them he spoke again; this time with all his former earnestness. "Horace, Herbert," he said, turning from one to the other. "In talking this over, remember, that if you cannot forgive her we must be strangers hereafter. By casting her off you give the world a right to say what it chooses. Remember, also, she is my wife—that she loves you—that she is even now on thorns of suspense awaiting your decision."

With this he left them, went into the garden, and, out of sight of the house, walked with his arm round Beatrice and bade her be of good cheer.

Before the twenty minutes had expired, Whittaker came to inform them that Mr. Talbert desired him to say that tea was waiting in the drawing-room. Frank smiled, drew Beatrice's trembling arm within his own, and led her indoors. As soon as Whittaker had withdraw after having round the tea, Horace spoke. He was standing up, his cup in his hand, and his calm eyes seemed to be graing at nothing.

"My dear Beatrice," he said very gravely. "I think if you and Frank could manage to prolong your stay till to-morrow week, we might ask a few friends to meet you at dinner. The invitation will be a short one, but under the circumstances will no doubt be excused."

Carruthers turned away to hide a smile. Yet he felt that, considering who the speaker was, no words could have been better, more judiciously or more delicately chosen to express the fact that Horace and Herbert had decided to forgive the culprit, and not only to say no more about her misdeeds, but, also, if necessary, show the world that they took her part. It was a triumph.

No more was said: but Beatrice could not refrain from letting a few tears of gratitude bedew Horace's immaculate shirt front, or from sitting for a while with Herbert's hand in hers.

Sir Maingay had, of course, to be told. This was a painful task, as telling Sir Maingay meant telling Lady Clauson. Her ladyship had her revenge by being able to say the girl had, after all. "done something disgraceful," but as she thinks a great deal about the honor of her husband's family, she will not proclaim the correctness of her estimate of Beatrice's character.

And others will have to be told. The Oakbury people will hear a great deal. They will shake their heads and gossip. But fortunately, or unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers' future life will not be spent among these families of position, so such gossip will matter little to them. They will live in the great world of London, and Frank Carruthers may or may not become a famous man. At any rate he will be a happy one.

And Beatrice? Beatrice will make a circle of friends. No secret will be made of the facts that she has been twice married, and that little Harry is her child by her first husband.

And if some day it should be whispered in that circle that for some reasons only known to herself she passed for years as a single woman when she was a wife—what will it matter? Better that than passing as a wife when a women is single.

The world is like a cat, pleasant and sweet when rubbed the right way. Frank and Beatrice are rich—the trustees raised no question on account of the first marriage—they are hospitable, kind-hearted, clever, young, and good-looking, and Frank seems likely to rise to eminence. In such cases friends are very good-natured and trouble themselves very little about idle reports. Indeed, all who care to inquire into Mrs. Carruthers' history may know all there is to be known.

No—not all all. Not the means by which happiness was brought within their grasp. That is known only to a wild-eyed, white-faced woman whose gaunt features grow every day more gaunt, who, day by day, sinks into a more hopeless state. Only she, this victim to the dreariest religious creed the world has yet invented—doubly dreary because it is illogical and unanswerable—only she knows how Beatrice's freedom was bought, how her happiness was assured.

And she will soon die and go to her appointed place. But she will die and make no sign.

THE END.

The editor of a country newspaper will grant more favors without pay or thanks in a month than any other business man in a year. It is also a well established fact that he will receive more all around cussing in a week than any other man in a life time. That's the reason he is not afraid of hell.—Clarion.

A Startling Request.

This is the order which a little girl brought into a Lewiston druggist's store the other day. It was written on a dirty piece of note paper as follows: "Mister Druggist: Please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year-old girl."—Western Rural.

Ella—Where will you pass this summer? Are you going into the country? Bella—I don't know, I'm sure. Papa said something about his going into insolvency, and if he says says so I suppose we shall have to go there.—Boston Herald.

A purse of $10 was put up that two Arkansas men might make a test as to which could stand the mosquitoes the longest. Both stripped and sat down in a swamp. One gave in after twenty minutes, and the other stood it ten minutes longer.

If the feet are tender or painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

"How did your husband meet his death?"

"He fell through a trap."

"In the dark, I suppose?"

"No, it was in broad daylight, but there was a black cap over his face and he couldn't see, poor man."

The agricultural productions of the Southern States, for the last two years, have averaged eight hundred millions of dollars in value. Ten thousand new industrial enterprises have been started up during the same period.

"It isn't the being hung I care for so much," says a South Carolinian under sentence of the gallows, "but it is being obliged to go away just as watermelons are at their best. Seems as if I never appreciated them before."

First Dude—"Goodness gracious, Archie! There's a gwease spot on your coat." Second Dude—"Yes; I told Arabella I could not marry her, and she wept on my shoulder. She's awfully fat don't you know! That's a tear.

Five years hence there will hardly be a place on this earth for the robber, murderer or conspirator to set his foot and feel safe. Treaties are being made in every direction concerning them and their extradition.

The income of a professional rat catcher averages $1,500 per year, and there are only ten of them in the United States. The average income of lawyer is only $700 per year, and the ranks are overcrowded.

The improved lands, of Michigan, are valued at more than $500-000,000, while in the number of small farms, between twenty and fifty acres, occupied by owners, Michigan stands first in the Union.

South Carolina wants to get up a fight between a lion and ten bulldogs, but the trouble is to find a lion. After the fight the trouble would be to find the bull-dogs.

Three counties in Georgia will realize $125,000 for watermelons, which are being shipped Northward by sea and by rail.